



The Duffel Bag



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Chapter 1 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)

I ran until I was out of breath. I sat down and panted. I had just run 5 miles on the treadmill and was extremely tired. I trudged into the locker room, grabbed my duffel bag from a bench, and lugged it to my car. It felt heavier than normal, but I didn't think anything of it. Probably just my sore muscles. I had lifted some weights today too. I drove home, in the cold rain, glad I hadn't ridden my bike to the gym today. I unlocked the front door and dropped the bag on the ground. "OW," a muffled voice said from inside my duffel bag.

Chapter 2 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)



I gasped. Who was in my duffel bag? I yanked open the zipper to see a short Portuguese man scrunched in my bag, next to my clothes.

"Who are you," I said, curiously.

"My name is Alex, and this is not what it looks like," he said, nervously.

Chapter 3 by Neale McCulla



"Well what the fuck do you think it looks like then?" I asked whilst dragging him to his feet. I now had him pinned against the wall. "Listen please listen", he gasped. "I had to find somewhere to hide. I don't want to kill me!"

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Chapter 4 by Comp Sam "CS" Smith



"Funny that you chose MY duffel bag of all places." I leaned in threateningly. I had my plans today, and finding a short, Portuguese man hiding from a killer is not one of them. Also, I kinda did NOT believe the tall tale from this little man.

"Seriously serious!" He squeaked. "But I think it's safe for me to go-"

"Look, if you brought anything weird to my doorste-"

A knock sounded at the door. We paused, and looked towards it. Funny, I lived in the mountains, sort of. Not so far from civilization, but a good 5 km. Long story short, I had no neighbors.

I looked at him, and he mouthed, "Help me."

I sighed, let him go and went to the door. He hid in the duffel bag once more.

"Alright, what do you-" I stopped to look at who I was standing in front of.

Chapter 5 by Comp Som "CS" Anichi



Someone gets kidnapped.

It was a tall British man, clad in a black suit, black striped pants, holding a black suitcase, wearing a black hat. It screamed mafia, at least to me.

"A good evening to you. I'm quite sorry for the intrusion, but lovely night isn't it?" He took off his hat, showing off a mop of blonde hair, and laid it on his chest, bowing a little.

"Um, who are you and what do you want from me?" I was really suspicious of this guy, so I didn't let my hold slip from the doorknob, ready to slam it in his face, in a moment.

"Ah, I see you do not wish to waste time." His smile faltered for just a fraction, "Well, neither do I." He suddenly disappeared from my view, and appeared behind me. Before I could react, he shut the door, and slammed me on to it, leaning threateningly. "Look, I-"

Suddenly, Alex tackled him from behind, and I and started tackling each other. But then,

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"James?" Alex eyes widened with recognition. "But why?"

"Alex, my friend. This," he gestured to his clothes, "is not what it looks like."

At this time, I had it. "What the heck is going on?!" I shouted, and they stared back at me. However, we suddenly shouts from outside the house.

"Shoot, they're here." James exclaimed.

Alex stood up, "James, what-"

"We have to get out of here-now! I'll explain on the way." He said, standing quickly.

I expected them to stand up and leave, but the mafia dude, James, turned to me and grabbed my wrist, pulling me. "You too. They're chasing after us, but now that Alex got you involved (somehow, which I apologize for), they'll go after you as well."

"What?! But I didn't do anything!" I tried to break free, but, man, did he have an iron grip. "He's the one who hid in my duffel bag!" I pointed at the accused, who grabbed the duffel and my car keys. He stopped to look sheepish.

"No time for that, we have to go." James started for the back door, dragging me along. As we headed out the door, a cool breeze hit us exited. It was beginning to get dark, and stars were twinkling already. I would have stopped to stare if it wasn't for this crazy situation.

"There they are!" shouted voices from a distance. I turned and saw a group of people dressed like James, and they spotted us.

"Go straight to the car!" James started running.

"No need to tell me twic-whoa!" The men started shooting, and a small, thin, projectile missed Alex's foot by a few inches. We continued to run to the car. Alex was the first one to reach the car. As the men were shooting, he unlocked the car, threw the duffel in the back, and started the engine.

James pulled me to go inside, however, he wasn't fast enough as I felt a smart prick on my arm. I

flinched and tripped, but I landed in the car. James dove in after me, but ended up in the passenger's seat after rolling.

The car screeched and went off, leaving me in the car.

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We drove in silence for a while. When we were some distance away, I said, "Will someone, PLEASE, tell me what's going on?"

They were silent. I heard Alex whisper, "So, what do say?"

James slapped his head in response. "It's your fault this happened! You explain."

"But you didn't even explain yourself."

You have almost had enough. "Someone better explain something to me soon, before I report to the police that two foreign men, one invaded my duffel, and the other barged into my house without permission, while both dragged me into their mess against my will!"

The two became silent and looked chastised.

James was the first one to speak. "Look, I really apologize for everything, but I promise to explain."

You didn't seem to hear anything more as your vision blurred. You couldn't hear James anymore. In fact, everything was graying out until it turned black.

Chapter 6 by SaintSayaka



When you woke up, you suspected many things of your surroundings. Probably some bleak warehouse in the middle of Siberia so these mysterious captors can off you in the comfort of privacy. Maybe a conference room for the same purpose, like you saw once in a movie.

What you don't expect, however, is to be sitting in a dumpster, practically knee to knee with James and Alex. Well, this would remove the middle step of them tossing your body away. You really don't want to know what's so squishy underneath you.

"Do I even want to know?" you ask, admittedly a bit more comfortable with your whirlwind adventure then you care to admit.

Alex grinned sheepishly. "I promise, I'll explain."

"Well, get on with it," James said, clearly annoyed. He clearly wasn't enjoying this little trip as much as you.

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You really don't like where this is going.

Chapter 7 by intellikat



"Oh god," I began to dry heave as Alex took an annoyed James' hand and began to caress it softly.

"That's right, **SOULMATES**."

Alex led James over to the darkest corner of the dumpster and pulled him close, slipping a hand around his waist and settling it on the small of his back.

James was nervous as they began to caress, even though he told himself to stop being silly. Alex smelled of tobacco and wool, and something earthier underneath, and there was nothing to do but stare at his chest, because the dumpster was just too small to do anything else.

It was very subtle at first. He thought he was imagining it. Slowly he could feel the heat of Alex's body more distinctly, and the scent of him became stronger. Or was it the dumpster? It was only then that he realised he'd slowly pulled him closer and closer until their chests were touching, until their bodies were pressed tight together. Then, the hand that had been so politely on the small of his back, slid down over his bottom and gave it a sharp, painful squeeze.

I began to dry heave again.

James looked up at Alex's face in shock.

"There now, James. After two years of putting up with your cruel and unmerciful teasing, I believe it's time to pay you back." There was absolutely no expression on his face. It was a blank wall.

The hand on James' bottom pulled him tight against Alex. He could feel his hipbones digging into his upper thighs. It wasn't the fact that someone was groping his bottom that pushed him towards panic; it was the shock of who was doing it. And the fact that they were doing it inside a

dumpster. He fought to keep his cool, even as he refused to run off in panic and have Alex laugh at him.

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"Cal got your tongue, James?" Alex asked, his hand still on James' bottom. "If you're helpless?"

I tried to find a way out of the dumpster, but it appeared that the lid had been locked somehow from the outside.

James' mind raced, he craned his neck to see if I was watching them. I was trying not to.

"I'm afraid there's no one to save you. Our friend is obviously a bit more than embarrassed to be witnessing this, and looks quite unable to help you."

Alex's hips shifted and James felt the distinct outline of an **STORYWARS** against his stomach. "I... I don't need saving. I can take care of myself."

"So... this is acceptable to you? You like this?"

"I..." Feelings warred inside James: anger that he'd called him his soulmate after the big row they had just had concerning the pin-striped thugs, and humiliation, too, at his shock. And something like what he'd felt before: a surging, pulsing thrill. Alex was expecting James to bolt, but he wouldn't. He didn't want to.

Alex lowered his head and whispered into the tight dark space between their faces. "You what?" The hand on his bottom clutched and kneaded, grinding James against him.

"I like it," James whispered back.

I began to puke a little.

The moment the words were out of James' mouth, he knew they were true. And with the admission of it, his heart began to race and the **STORYWARS** of his **STORYWARS** grew **STORYWARS**.

I started to beat at the lid of the dumpster and scream. I didn't care if the pin-striped men chasing us heard us or not. I would rather face them than what apparently was about to transpire within the love dumpster.

'Oh, what a foolish little English schoolboy you are, James. You have no idea what you are playing at.'

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The tone of his whisper brought a shiver down my spine. He leaned in and sneered. "You think you have some idiot, virgin schoolboy on your hands? Is that what you think?"

Suddenly Alex stopped. His fingers curled around his wrist painfully and he bent down and hissed, "I don't know, James. Shall we find out?"

Then he was dragging James over to a different corner of the dumpster. His grip on his arm was bruising, and James would have yelled, would have fought and run, but somehow he couldn't.

There was enough light, coming from a rusted-out hole in the dumpster, to see that Alex's face had changed. He knelt before him, shrugging off his jacket. James backed up until he met the grimy wall of the dumpster.

"Let's see what you are, James," he growled.

Alex's arms shot out and caught him by the shoulders, twisting him around and bending him over the banana peels, crushed Fanta cans, and used diapers. A hand circled the back of his neck firmly, holding him there. James felt Alex's body cover him, pressing him into the rubbish. "Are you worried now? Because you should be. Tell me you are, and I'll let you go."

His hips pressed into his, grinding him painfully into the edge of the table. His body was pushed up over his hips and the scratchy wool of his trousers raked the backs of his thighs. Half of him was terrified, and the other half was so aroused it frightened him. "No."

"No, what?" Alex hissed.

"No. I'm not worried."

Alex laughed softly and lifted his body off him. A thousand thoughts rushed through: Alex was going to let him go anyway, he'd won, he wanted to feel his weight on top of him again, he was so **STORYWARS**, would he kiss him?

The slap that came made James gulp air, and the hand on the back of his neck tightened, holding him to the table. The pain flashed in neon colours behind his eyelids. With the second slap he yelled, and the third and forth too... until he had no more breath, and thought his buttocks

would melt and slide down his legs.

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When Alex hit him a severe pain shot through his back, and he fell back against the wall of the dumpster and found the breath to gasp. He hissed at the sting.

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“Not quite what you were expecting, really, was it?” There was a triumph in Alex's voice, sleek and self-satisfied.

He slapped James again, and he caught his breath and sobbed. His cheek slipped on the rubbish beneath it and he realised he'd been crying. He hiccupped.

“Portuguese games are often quite different from what you think they are. Say you've had enough and I'll let you up, James.”

Alex laid his hand on his bottom softly, slipping it under the top of his **STORYWARS**, and smoothed the curve of one stinging buttock. It felt almost like velvet against his stinging skin, soft and soothing. The contact made him shudder and inhale.

James tried to shake his head, but it was impossible. “No.” It was just a whisper.

As much as the spanks had hurt, the way Alex was touching him now was unbearably good. He'd take any number of blows to have him touch him like this.

Alex bent over James again, and he closed his eyes and moaned at the feeling of his weight.

“I beg your pardon?”

“No,” James said louder.

Alex hesitated for a moment, as if he was thinking. Then he stood and he felt his fingers, taking hold of the edge of his **STORYWARS**. He **STORYWARS** and the cold air washed over his stinging skin.

It was then, in the silence of the room, just as James was wishing that Alex would slide his hand over his bum again, that he heard his breathing – like a man running.

That's when Alex hit James again. With nothing between his hand and his skin, the pain was much worse. Perhaps he cried out, perhaps he didn't, because as the punishment continued, he

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When Alex released his grip on James' neck and laid his palms on both his throbbing, stinging buttocks, he whimpered, breathlessly, and pressed his **STORYWARS** back against **STORYWARS**. His whole body was vibrating, singing, and his **STORYWARS** was **STORYWARS** as if he were on the edge of **STORYWARS**.

He stroked his **STORYWARS** and let his hands trail down the back of his **STORYWARS**. When he brought them up again, they were **STORYWARS**.

James heard him groan. The edge of one of his hands slipped between his **STORYWARS**, and he felt his fingertips brush into the furrow of his **STORYWARS**. He held his breath. 'Touch me, please, touch me' he prayed.

He made a noise like a man in pain, and then, he was pulling his **STORYWARS** up and tugging the hem of his clothes down over his hips. James pushed himself off the table and looked around at him.

"It seems... I was wrong, James." His voice trembled, broke. "And you were right."

Then, to Alex's utter disbelief, he stood, unlocked a tiny padlock on the dumpster, and let himself out.

James knelt there, leaning against the wall of the dumpster for a long time. As hard as he tried, it was beyond him to understand what had happened – any of it. He didn't understand why Alex had spanked him, or why he hadn't **STORYWARSe**d him, or why he'd seemed so upset. More than anything, he couldn't fathom why he'd left.

Alex had left James alone. In this awful dumpster. Wanting him. James sat down on one of the crushed and soiled cardboard boxes and cried.

"Soulmates??" he wept. "Did you just see what Alex did to me? I don't call that love at all. I call that **STORYWARS**!"

I really had no idea how I was going to recover from this chapter in my adventure

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But it was then that I remembered the duffel bag

And that the duffel bag had indeed been with me

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If I could remove that shoulder strap, I might just be able to strangle myself before witnessing any more erotic fiction.

Chapter 8 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)



I grabbed the shoulder strap, and I began to choke myself. I was finally free, from the horror of the two men, and what they had done to me, forcing me to watch their erotic fiction.

I guess the only way to be free was to kill myself.

Thanks, duffel bag.

Months later, the police only found a single corpse and a bloody duffel bag.

the end

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